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Allen, John.

1 JA to M[ehitable] Eastman, 1845 Oct. 1.

2 JA to Mehitable Eastman [1845 Oct. 23?]

3 JA to M[ehitable] Eastman, 1845 Nov. 2-Dec. 1.

4 JA to M[ehitable] Eastman, 1845 Dec. [5?]

5 JA to John S[ullivan] Dwight, 1845 Dec. 28.

6 JA to [Marianne] (Dwight) [Orvis] [1846?] Feb. [~~15?~~] 13

7 JA to Marianne (Dwight) [Orvis] 1846 Mar. 9.

8 JA to Anna Q. T. Parsons, 1847 Sept. 17.

Memnonia. Oct. 1. 1845.

Zilla, I call thee, not because thou art Byron's "wife of Cain," but because a sweet spirit must have a euphonous name, and because I love it and fancy its liquid harmony a correspondent of thy inmost being. Besides, it is a name I shall not forget. But a truce to sentimentalism. Your blind, though cheerful and welcome epistle has been read and reread, studied and enjoyed. Our correspondence, too, commenced in such a novel manner, and I like the excitement and enchantment of it so well, and have a vague & half-hopeful impression of its being but the beginning to a strange or providential result, that is to effect materially our terrestrial, social and spiritual destiny, that I experience a wild and extravagant pleasure in writing to thee.

I enjoyed your romance with your Washwoman and your name-sake the colored lady. And let me say here, that I detest slavery, not less than you do, and abominate the time-serving principle. Can either apologize for it or be silent relative to it, whether it be endured by a form of ebony or a Venus from Circassia. Did you not know that I was kicked out of a pro-slavery sect for preaching Anti-Slavery. I have had a long bitter experience in behalf of the liberty of the colored race. It was Anti Slavery that made me. And I sympathise not less with the African because I have discovered the falseness of a social order that makes slaves of us all. No, the Anti Slavery movement has my deepest love and expression in all its hydra forms, in my extremest hate. Down with the sect or the party, or the man or the book, that gives it a silent support. They are of the Evil One and not of the Most High.

Nantucket friends especially Alice & Anna are very dear to me. Twas Anti Slavery that brought us together. I wonder not that you think R. I. so much behind the times. 'Tis the meanest place I was ever in. "Bread and breeches" is its highest aspiration or ideal. The State is given to do lies and be damned. Such ignorance and sensualism is to be abandoned like Sodom. You have no mission there I am confident, either as the minister of literature, or of the Bible. I had almost said they are out of the sphere of either. Though dark as the place is, and selfish and inhospitable, there are some noble spirits there. And if you go to Providence, call at the Anti Slavery Office and see Amasa Lorney Paine and Mr & Mrs Harris, and you will find very pleasant acquaintances. Mr Harris was a martyr to the sect like myself for preaching Anti Slavery.

If your heart is in the Bible Society, and you would be happy in no other calling, if you feel that you are called by an irresistible conviction of duty to that mission, fulfil your trust. But if you are to engage in it as a business transaction, because you have talents, energy that plead the society to think you available, I advise you to let it alone. And this is apprehend is the state of the case, on this side, at least. I sympathise somewhat however in this "lament" of Anna Godmer. Not because I deem the Bible of no importance by any means, but because I think we have prior work to accomplish, in the establishment of a divine social order, that shall make it possible for the doctrines of the Bible to become a daily life. And besides, I believe that it is impossible to patch up with Bibles, priests or churches, (all of them however good) our infernal, socreligious, civilization. Fragmentary reforms, partial remedies have been

tried long enough. The causes of crime and oppression, of ignorance & poverty, of bestiality and inanity are incorporated in the very structure of society itself. And to social reform must be effected before anything effectual can be done for the world's weal. Christianity as a doctrine has been preached long enough. Enough has been done in the work of propagandism. With eighteen hundred years of experience in preaching, intemperance & slavery & war, & prostitution has corrupted and destroyed seven eighths of our race, and is doing so still. I tell you it is time to begin to live Christianity, to bring people into love-relations with each other, to make our example a Bible, our actions laws of inspiration, and to say our prayers at our fingers ends. In other words, crystallize Christianity in social forms, incarnate the truth and love of the Nazarene in the structure of society. And to do this, requires a thorough reorganization, by which man shall be delivered from the individualism and selfishness of civilization and brought into unity with nature, with his fellows, and with God. Is this only which will give the time and opportunity to read and practice a Bible if we have one. There are greater heathen, Lilla, than any in New Zealand, who have Bibles in their houses, and better Christians than our Rev. professional twaddlers among the pilgrims to Mecca. I believe we are a Bible Society, in this Church of the future, here at Brook Farm, that will yet do more to remedy the evils of poverty, ignorance, crime, and oppression, and to teach professors of religion how to be Christians, than is being done by the 25,000-parson-power of the United States. For if we succeed, as God has ordained we shall, we shall have preached a sermon that shall ring through the blue heavens, till like a whispering gallery it shall echo the tidings to the antipodes of the globe, and give the Bible to the world, with a practical commentary, that shall redeem the human race. You may think me wild and visionary. I am visionary, and such is my vision, and it is the vision of every prophet, that from the depths of an illumined soul, has spoken of the future destiny of man. And it is with this hope that we labor. It is for this, that we are here, not immediately to better our outward circumstances, to relieve ourselves from toil and sacrifice, or to render our condition more tolerable or happy, but to give our lives to a divine work, to achieve a noble destiny, if not for ourselves, for those who are to come after us. We are here because we see the Church with all its divine instrumentalities, doing nothing, and worse, for the actualization

of the Christian idea. I don't sympathize, at all, with your extreme modesty, in deeming yourself so far below me, that I may not expect any benefit from our correspondence. I thought you had more self esteem. You need some scalding for your injustice to your own character. But I do sympathize with you, not for the thirteen years past, and admire the energy of character you have manifested in rising above such herculean obstacles to your present position in the intellectual and social world. I have not done as much, and if your story be true as I know it is, I shall be the privileged one, in being permitted to sit at your feet. I knew you had not made a fortune by the Offering. It was in reference to its moral work that I enquired. I believe it has done great good, in the past, as an educator of those who have contributed to it, and as a literary entertainment for the country. But I think your spiritual force would be much better expended were it directed through reform channels, in correcting the abuses of the factory system, or in endeavors to create an order of society, that shall supersede the factory life, even in its best phase. And the influence of the Offering has been, I think, to sanctify the system, in the public regard, to hide its falsehood and unsocial tendencies, while at the same time it has accomplished great good, as a lesson to Europe, of what Labor can do, in a literary point view, give it but a poor advantage even, and has also redeemed factory operatives from the reputation which they were groaning of being ignorant and grossly above their more favored sisters. Relative to the partnership offered you in publishing the Factory Girl's Advocate. I say the same by it as by the Brook Farm Society. If your heart is in it and you can do it with all your might, do it. and not otherwise. But it seems to me by the tone of your letter that you are wearied of Agencies and public rail-road life, and are thirsting for sympathy, love, home, heart-life. Be candid enough to tell me, if the question whether I shall remain "companionless" amid all the beauty and refinement of Brook Farm, was not dictated by the desire to form a partnership for social and domestic purposes and pleasures, as much as by a wish to know whether I was proof against temptations or tendencies of the kind. (That is what I call a bungling way of putting a question. I make the excuse that you did, I am sick and dull, (hardly) scarcely slept last night, and just eaten a sleepy dinner) It is sufficient for you to know that I am not wonderfully impressed with the attractions of Brook Farm Ladies, although I think there are several here that will make great waves for better men than myself. [redacted]

Geo. W. Benson of Northampton Assoc. called on me the other day to see if I knew of any way to interest such girls as understood factory machinery, with small fortunes, in a joint stock factory to be started at Northampton Mass, and worked by the owners instead of hired operatives. I told him

of you, and assured him that with your aid he could succ
ond not without it. He wishes you some one occupai
ted to go & look up the women and the means as quick
as possible. The factory will go into operation du
the winter. He offered me good wages if I would go, bu
I did not feel competent. I am not a business
man. He requested me to write you and inquire whet
you would aid or be willing to make the trial.

Miss Lillian M. Eastman
Care of D. R. Whittemore
No. 5 Market Square
Providence R. I.

Miss Lillian M. Eastman
Care of D. R. Whittemore
No. 5 Market Square
Providence R. I.

Yes, yes of course I would do anything in the way of doing anything in the way of
direct or indirect to get you settled in Northampton.
I have entirely seen visions, or exhibitions
of Boston & intended to have written you if I do
happiness of the history. but will wait & write of more in
not have anything else to write of more in
portance. I should expect to hear from the agent before
you leave for New York. Time hastily

Relative to the Northampton Factory
With you for a Companion I think I would adopt your motto
and "try". I think girls who see nothing before them but a factory life
would do well to make an investment in such an enterprise.
He intends to get up the ~~factory~~ on the ten hour plan, think
that if the girls were joint-owners and mutually inter
ted in the work and the dividend, as much would be
accomplished in that time as is now done by the old system
Do you feel inclined to engage in such an enterprise, or
do you think any of the Lowell girls who have money
would do it with good security?

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1 October 1845, Brook Farm, JOHN ALLEN to MEHITABLE EASTMAN

Memnonia, Oct. 1, 1845

Zilla, I call thee, not because thou art Byron's "wife of Cain," but because a sweet spirit must have a ~~euphonious~~ euphonous [sic] name, and because I love it and fancy its liquid harmony a correspondent of thy inmost being. Besides, it is a name I shall not forget! But a truce to sentimentalism. Your blind, though cheerful and welcome espistle [sic] has been read and reread, studied and enjoyed. Our correspondence, too, commenced in such a novel manner, and I like the excitement and enchantment of it so well, and have a vague & half-hopeful impression of its being but the beginning to a strange or providential result, that is to effect [sic] materially our terrestrial, social and spiritual destiny, that I experience a wild and extravagant pleasure in writing to thee.

I enjoyed your romance with your Wash-woman and your name-sake the colored baby. And let me say here, that I detest slavery, not less than you do, and abominate the time-serving priest who can either apologize for it or be silent relative to it, whether it be endured by a form of ebony or a venus from Circassia. Did you not know that I was kicked out of a pro-slavery sect for preaching Anti-Slavery. I have had a long bitter experience in behalf of of [sic] the liberty of the colored race. It was Anti Slavery that made me. And I ~~sympathiser~~ sympathise not less with the African because I have discovered the falseness of a social order that makes slaves of us all. No,

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MS. sold by Symmachus Trading Co., July 30, 1940. Addressed to "Zilla M. Eastman, Care of D. R. Whittemore, No. 5 Market Square, Providence, R.I." Postmarked (in MS.) "W Roxbury Mass Oct 2."

the Anti Slavery movement has my deepest love and oppression in all its hydra forms my extremest hate. Down with the sect or the party, or the man or the book, that gives it a silent support. They are of the Evil One -- and not of the Most-High.

Nantucket friends especially Alice & Anna are very dear to me. 'Twas Anti-Slavery that brought us together. I wonder not that you think R.I. so much behind the times. 'Tis the meanest place I was ever in. "Bread and breeches" is its highest aspiration or ideal. The State is given over to do lies and be damned. Such ignorance and sensualism is to be abandoned like Sodom. You have no mission there I am confident, either as the minister of literature, or of the Bible. I had almost said they are out of the sphere of either. Though dark as the place is, and selfish and inhospitable, there are some noble spirits there. And if you go to Providence, call at the Anti-Slavery Office and see Amarancy Paine, and Mr & Mrs Harris, and you will find very pleasant acquaintances. Mr. Harris was a martyr to the [redacted] sect like myself for preaching Anti Slavery.

If your heart is in the Bible Society, and you would be happy in no other calling, if you feel that you are called by an irrepressible conviction of duty to that mission, [redacted] fulfil your trust. But if you are to engage in it as a business transaction, because you have talents & energy that lead the society

to think you available, I advise you to let it alone. And this I apprehend is the state of the case, on their [?] side, at least. I sympathise somewhat however in the "laugh" of Anna Godner, not because I deem the Bible of no importance by any means, but because I think we have a prior work to accomplish, in the establishment of a divine social order, that shall make it possible for the doctrines of Bible to become a daily life. And besides, I believe that it is impossible to patch up with Bibles, priests or churches, (all of them good however) our infernal, sacreligious [sic] civilization. Fragmentary reforms, partial remedies have been /

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fingers ends. In other words, chrystalize [sic] Christianity in social forms, incarnate the truth and love of the Nazarene in the structure of society. And to do this, requires a thorough reorganization, by which man shall be delivered from the Ishmaelitism and selfishness of civilization and brought into unity with nature, with his fellows, and with God. 'Tis this only which will give the time and opportunity to read and practice a Bible if we have one. There are greater heathen, Zilla, than any in New Zealand, who have Bibles in their houses, and better Christians than our Rev. pro-slavery twaddlers among the pilgrims to Mecca. I believe we are a Bible Society, in this church of the future, here at Brook Farm, that will yet do more to remedy the evils of poverty, ignorance, crime, and oppression, and to teach professors of religion how to be Christians, than is being done by the 25,000-parson-power of the United States. For if we succeed, as God has ordained we shall, we shall have preached a Sermon that shall ring through the blue heavens, till like a whispering gallery it shall bear the tidings to the antipodes of the globe, and give the Bible to the world, with a practical commentary, that shall redeem the human race. You may think me wild and visionary. I am visionary, and such is my vision, and it is the vision of every prophet, that from the depths of an illumined soul, has spoken of the future destiny of man. And it is with this hope that we labor. It is for this, that we are here, not immediately to better our outward circumstances, to relieve ourselves from toil and sacrifice, or to render our condition more

tolerable or happy, but to give our lives to a divine work, to achieve a noble destiny, if not for ourselves, for those who are to come after us. We are here because we see the church with all its divine instrumen[tali]ties, doing nothing, and worse, for
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I don't sympathise, at all, with your extreme modesty, in deeming yourself so far below me, that I may not expect any benefit from our correspondence. I thought you had more self esteem. You need some scolding for your injustice to your own character. But I do sympathise with your lot for the thirteen years past, and admire the energy of character you have manifested in rising above such terrific obstacles, to your present position in the intellectual and social world. I have not done as much, and if your story be true as I know it is, I shall be the privileged one, in being permitted to sit at your feet.

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it has accomplished great good, as a lesson to Europe, of what Labor can do, in a literary point view [sic], give it but a poor advantage even, and has also redeemed factory operatives from the reputation which they were gaining, of being ignorant and gross above their more favored sisters.

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as understood factory machinery, with small fortunes, in a joint stock-factory, to be started at Northampton Mass, and worked by the owners instead of hired operatives. I told him /
p. 4 of you, and assured him that with your aid he could succeed and not without it. He wishes for some one acquainted to go & look up the women and the means as quick as possible. The factory will go into operation during the winter. He offered me good wages if I would go, but I did not feel competent. I am not a business man. He requested me to write you and inquire whether you would aid or be willing to make the trial?

Is there any hope of doing anything in that way. Say, yes or no, only. If you feel inclined to try, direct a letter to Benson at Northampton Mass. I have lately seen Titians Venus, on exhibition at Boston and intended to have written my impressions of the picture, but will next time if I do not have anything else to write of more importance. I shall expect to hear from you again before you leave for New York. Thine radically,

John Allen

Relative to the Northampton Factory, with you for a Companion, I think I would adopt your results and "try." I think girls who see nothing before them but a factory life would do well to make an investment in such an enterprise. He intends to get up the factory on the ten hour plan, thinking that if the girls were joint-owners and mutually interested in the work and the dividend, as much would be accomplished in that time as is now done by the old system. Do you feel inclined to engage in such an enterprise, or do you think any of the Lowell girls who have money would do it with good security?

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[Oct., 1845]

Brook Farm Phalanx,
Thursday Morn

Miss Eastman, I have but a note of excuses to make. My Boy is very sick and I have neither the time nor the heart to write while he is so wretched. But my great fear is that you'll never forgive me for the foolish and unpardonable liberties I took in calling you by a need name. else why should I not have heard from you before? 'Tis nearly a month since I wrote you. Or was it your letter that was so unfortunately lost, by being taken from the office while I was absent in Boston and misloid before I returned? I have thought it might be the case. But Mr. Reynolds is off and I must close. Please forgive me for such a note. Thine as ever John

May I hear from you soon

212 East Broadway

Miss Mehitable Eastman
New York

23 or 30 October 1845, Brook Farm, JOHN ALLEN to MEHITABLE EASTMAN

Brook Farm Phalanx,

Thursday Morn

Miss Eastman,

I have but a note of excuses to make. My Boy is very sick and I have neither the time nor the heart to write while he is so wretched. But my great fears are that you'll never forgive me for the foolish and unpardonable liberties I took in calling you by a new name — else why should I not have heard from you before? 'Tis nearly a month since I wrote you. Or was it your letter that was so unfortunately lost, by being taken from the office while I was absent in Boston, and mislaid before I returned? I have thought it might be the case. But Mr. Reynols [sic] is off and I must close. Please forgive me for such a note. Thine as ever

John

May I hear from you soon.

Addressed to Miss Mehitable Eastman, New York. No postmark.

~~The letter was dated early in November 1845, since the epidemic of small-pox which began with John Allen's son Fred is recounted in Marianne Dwight's letters of November 9, 1845, et seq. The year also is confirmed by the fact that John Allen's "Willie" died in October 1845.~~

The date must have been either October 23 or 30, 1845, because on November 2 Allen speaks of his son as having been ill "for the past twelve days." ~~Only the year of the letter is known and it is confirmed by the fact that John Allen's "Willie" died in October.~~

Brook Farm Phalanx. Nov. 2. 1845.

Lilla;

So it seems you did not receive the letter I sent to New York per Mr Reynolds, or you would have mentioned it. It was however of no great consequence. It was merely telling you that I was not well pleased with your long silence, and begging you to forgive the liberty, unpardonable as I thought, you might consider it, of substituting Lilla for for M—. But I discovered in your note from Passaic that it had not given you mortal offence as I had feared as you subscribed yourself by my favorite appellation. So let that whine of mine pass. From a sentence in your last I infered that you must have written me from Providence that accounts for my last letter. When I was at Boston during the week of the Nonresistance Convention a letter came here to me that was lost or "spirited away" before my return. I was informed by the post-boy that I had a letter in the "Shell", our "p.o." and went immediately for it. and lo! it was "non inventus est" which being interpreted means "not to be to caught". In the multiplicity of my correspondence connected with

the Horsfinger, Reform Meeting, Friendships, &c &c. I hardly thought it could be yours that was last, and so chided you for not writing, thinking it marvelously strange that you could send by Mr R. for a "note", when you might have done for another what you would have him do for you. Sorry I am, that the course of our correspondence has not run more smoothly or regularly. Besides, since I received your last I had reasons for not writing. My boy has been sick, very, very sick, for the past twelve days, with the small pox. He went to Boston to see his aunt Elizabeth Leach, and was exposed to it by coming in contact with Mr Milton Clark, the fugitive Slave, who boarded there and was taken with the varioloid during his visit. He was sick a week before we had any idea what could be the matter. His body is but a complete running sore. There is scarcely a spot of the surface that is not filled with the virus. And if he recovers from it, his face will probably always be sadly defaced. (I cannot resist the pun) by the horrid pits and scars. Besides, the whole Association are in the greatest trepidation. Every body was exposed before we knew what ailed him. Many had never been vaccinated. I am now shut up with Rebecca Cadman, in the infected district, and avoided by all the lovers of life in the

Pheby. Rebecca, you know - do you not - she is a heroine - a sister of Charity, God ordained, and God-sent - a most sublimely affectionate and devoted spirit. She has watched by Fred, night & day - with the ear, the eye - the heart and the care of a mother - I cannot bespeak her devotion in terms of sufficient exaltation - She is such a girl, as there are few others, this side of Heaven. Fred we think now - may recover - But who will be sick next - and what the result of this is to be God only knows - To an infant Association, who are so poor as ourselves, so dependent on our labor, compelled to toil for existence, so long and severely, that we are really subterraneans, living under the earth, or in the dirt, forced to be root-ery (in turnip & potato gathering) ten or twelve hours a day, it is a terrible scourge to be exposed as we have been to this disease.

But here comes my breakfast, handed in to me - as though I were a prisoner locked up for crime. If you were never present where there was a case of the small pox - you cannot conceive how quietly it seems, to have every body so afraid of you, that they scamper from you as from a tiger or a murderer. It sometimes seems very laughable, the scampering of friends, if you look out of the

window at them - as though there was a bear at their heels.

Monday Morn. Fred is evidently better. But Rebecca & I are under quarantine with him yet - and shall be for some days to come. I have lately been to hear Ole Bull. I was enchanted. He is master of his instrument, a real Muse. He gives to the heavens, the pure tone. His music is a language to the Soul. He writes his thoughts on sound as the painter expresses his upon his canvas. the Sculptor in his marble - or the Architect in his structure. He talks to you, and you weep and laugh, or kindle with rage, or bend in worship. O! it is wonderful, this embodiment of the passions in an organism of vibrating atmosphere, this writing of the soul's emotions on the viewless air. I have of late become more interested in the fine arts than I ever was before. Indeed I think I am passing into a new phase of being. I am becoming more positive and constructive than I ever have been before. I am not so much of an "Anti", of a negative - of an infinite No, or an eternal denial as I once was. I am not a destructive. I believe more in divine providence. I never build and supersede, and not tear down an old house, till the new one was done. nor take away the bib & long clothes, till I had made the jacket and trowsers. The soul can't go naked more than the body. It must have its exponents, its symbols, its forms, its organism. in society, in worship, in books, and rituals, in labor and in the Arts. This cry of "no God, no Church, no money, no marriage, no meat, is Atheistic - is Ishmaelitish, "No union

with Stone-holders" is a false cry. Our watchword should be "Union of Free men," a divine church and Society, and our life should be Constructive not destructive. Reformation in-formation & out-formation. It is the work of the devil to abolish, but of the divine to create. I repent of the life of tear-down-ism, of fight, of crimination of the old dead past, and pray that I may be henceforth a divine artist, a coöperator with God in the work of creation. This view of things, I arrived to take from the new stand-point which I occupy, as an Associationist. a Social Constructor. I am losing therefore the special interest which I once felt in the fragmentary reforms of the age, and looking for the second coming of Christ to Society, to establish his reign of brotherhood in the hearts of the human family. Or in other words, I believe that Association. a divine Social order, is the second coming of Christ; his coming to to the race as he came to him of Nazareth. For the real Christ, the saving power of the universe is the truth and love of the Nazarene, which is to incarnate itself in the universal man. as the word was made flesh in the Son of Mary. Negative, fragmentary reforms cannot accomplish this. It requires a universal remedy. Such as the divine Church of Association, or the Social Christ can only effect. This is a work of building not destroying. of love and not conflict.

Graham House. Dec. 1. 1845.

One sad month has elapsed, and I will now

Continue address. Answer with regards. John Allen

attempt to fill this lagging sheet. What I was intending to write, when I was taken down with varioloid I can't remember - Doubtless if you are a Yankee you can guess. I was beginning to be sick when I stopped writing - the night day I was carried to the cottage unable to walk, so violent was the attack of disease upon me. About thirty other persons followed within a fortnight. and our Association seemed to be turned into a Hospital for the sick. After remaining there about three weeks, a portion of the time as nurse or waiter upon the sick - I was permitted to leave my prison. Since then I have been absent on a lecturing tour. My boy was very sick, is horribly pitted, and has by no means recovered his strength. It has been a sad experience for me, and a sadder one for the Association It broke up our school, deranged our industry - and frighted away for the time being, the timid members. In a pecuniary point of view it could not be less than two or three thousand dollars, that this sickness has injured us. Mrs Polize and Jone Ryckman and several others were very dangerously sick.

I have lately been reading the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg - and have had

my faith very much unsettled, or perhaps I ought to say confirmed, and enlarged in the spiritual views which I express briefly in my first letter to you. If you have not read his work upon Conjugial Love, and Spiritual and eternal Marriage, I desire that you may do so, and give me your impressions upon it. It seems to me to open a world of truth. It is a fearful revelation for those who are incontinent, even to departed spirits. It is a wonderful book. By the way, I am fully convinced that Associationists, must adopt the sentiments of the disciples of Swedenborg. They are making rapid converts among us, and destined at no distant day to be guides of a multitude of aspiring souls.

Your letter from Passaic Falls interested me much. Scenery of that wild almost fearful character, where the elements seem to sport in uncouth gambols, to the music of their own mad voices, fills me with the deepest emotions of awe and sublimity. Have you ever heard Thalberg's Tremolo, a piece of marvellous music, that will move every nerve in the tissues of the soul, to an ecstatic quiver, and fill the heart with the intensest emotions? I pondered up when for the first time you were on the summit of a vast mountain, or bis-

or listening to a grand peal of thunder, or, lying at the foot of a mighty Cataract, I could seem to hear it when I thought of you at Lasa. How I would have rejoiced to have been there, to share the feelings of that hour. But I shall yet see it, and Niagara - and an infinite mountain.

Several young men of us in this neighborhood are projecting a plan of travel - We design to make a tour of our own Country, and of Europe - Mr. Leach - Addison Davis and several others are of the Company - Mr. Leach has agreed to care for my boy in my absence - We expect to get ready for a start by another Season. Charles Lane of England is giving us information relative to the Cheapest way of making a visit to all the wonders of Great Britain, men and things. He will aid us much -

(Evening host.)

Care of Rotte, H. Ossood.
No 403 of 4. Washington St.
(Rev. Block.)

Miss M. Castman

Boston

2500-Beton-46940-2172

I have no answer for your last. I never make speeches, nor write letters when I have nothing to say. even if I have the time which I do not always have at Commencement. Occasionally, in the interim of lecturing tours, I shake hands with my friends as our winter, where such of my friends as can visit me in Worcester will

2 and [3] November, 1 December 1845, Brook Farm and Boston,

JOHN ALLEN to MEHITABLE EASTMAN

Brook Farm Phalanx, Nov. 2, 1845.

Zilla;

So it seems you did not receive the letter I sent to New York per Mr Reynolds, or you would have mentioned it. It was however of no great consequence. It was merely telling you that I was not well pleased with your long silence, and begging you to forgive the liberty, unpardonable as I thought you might consider it, of substituting Zilla for for [sic] M____. But I discovered in your note from Pasaic [sic], that it had not given you mortal offence, as I had feared, as you subscribed yourself by my favorite appellation. So let that whim of mine pass. From a sentence in your last I infered [عنه] that you must have written me from Providence. That accounts for my last letter. When I was at Boston during the week of the Nonresistance Convention, a letter came here to me that was lost or "spirited away" before my return. I was informed by the post boy that I had a letter in the "spell," our "po-of." and went immediately for it, and lo! it was "non inventus est, which being interpreted means, "not to be to caught." In the multiplicity of my correspondence,
p.2 connected with / the Harbinger, Reform Meetings, Friendships, &c &c, I hardly thought it could be yours that was lost, and so chided you for not writing, thinking it marvelously strange that you could send by Mr R. for a "note," when you might have done

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MS. sold by Symmachus Trading Co. Addressed to "Miss M. Eastman, Graham House, Boston." "Graham House" has been struck out, however, and the new address written in: "Care of Nath. H. Osgood, No 483 or 484 Washington St. (New. Block.)" Marked "penny post," and postmarked Boston, with undecipherable date.

for another what you would have him do for you. Sorry I am, that the course of our correspondence has not run more smoothely [sic] or regularly. Besides, since I received your last I had reasons for not writing. My boy has been sick, very, very sick, for the past twelve days, with the small pox. He went to Boston to see his aunt Elizabeth Leach, and was exposed to it, by coming in contact with Mr Milton Clark, the fugitive Slave, who boarded there and was taken with the varioloid during his visit. He was sick a week, before we had any idea what could be the matter. His body is but a complete running sore. There is scarcely a spot of the surface that is not filled with the virus. And if he recovers from it, his face will probably alwas [sic] be sadly defaced. (I cannot resist the pun) by the horrid pits and scars. Besides, the whole Association are in the greatest trepidation. Every body was exposed before we knew what ail'd him. Many had never been vaccinated. I am now shut up with Rebecca Codman, in the infected district, and avoided by all the
p.3 lovers of life, in the / Phalanx. Rebecca, you know -- do you not -- she is a heroine, a sister of charity, God-ordained, and God-sent, a most sublimely affectionate and devoted spirit. She has watched by Fred, night & day, with the ear, the eye, the heart and the care of a mother. I cannot bespeak her devotion in terms of sufficient exaltation. She is such a girl, as there are few others, this side of heaven. Fred we think now, may recover. But who will be sick next, and what the result of this is to be

God only knows. To an infant Association, who are so poor as ourselves, so dependent on our labor, compelled to toil for existence, so long and severely, that we are really subteraneans[sic], living under the earth, or in the dirt, forced to be root-ers (in the turnip & potatoe [sic] gathering) ten an [sic] twelve hours a day, it is a [redacted] terrible scourge to be exposed as we have been to this disease.

But here comes my breakfast, handed in to me, as though I were a prisoner locked up for crime. If you were never present where there was a case of the small pox, you cannot conceive how querly [sic] it seems, to have every body so affraid [sic] of you, that they scamper from you as from a tiger or a murderer. It sometimes seems very laughable, the scampering of friends, if you
p.4 look out of the / window at them, as though there was a bear at their heels.

Monday morn. Fred is evidently better. But Rebecca & I are under quarantine with him yet —and [redacted] shall be for some days to come. I have lately been to hear Ole Bull. I was enchanted. He is master of his instrument, a real Muse, he gives to the heavens, the pure tone. His music is a language to the soul. He writes his thoughts on sound as the painter expresses his upon his canvass [sic], the Sculptor in his marble, or the Architect in his structure. He talks to you, and you weep and laugh, or kindle with rage, or bow in worship. O! it [redacted] is wonderful, this

embodiment of the passions in an organism of vibrating atmosphere, this writing of the souls emotions on the viewless air. I have of late become more interested in the Fine arts than I ever was before. Indeed I think I am passing into a new phase of being. I am becoming more positive and constructive than I ever have been before. I am not so much of an "Anti," of a negative, of an infinite No, or an eternal denial as I once was. I am not a destructive. I believe more in divine providence. I would build and supersede, and not tear down an old house, till the new one was done, nor take away the bib & long clothese, till I had made the jacket and trowsers. The soul can't go naked more than the body. It must have its exponents, its symbols, its forms, its organism, in society, in worship, in books, and rituals, in labor and in the Arts. This cry of "no God, no church, no money, no marriage, no meat, is
p.5 Atheistic, is Ishmaelitish. "No union / with Slave-holders" is a false cry. Our watchword shd be "Union of Free men," a divine church and Society, and our life should be constructive not destructive -- re-formation in-formation & out-formation. It is the work of the devil to abolish, but of the divine to create. I repent of my life of tear-down-ism, of fight, of crimination of the old dead past, and pray that I may be henceforth a divine artist, a cooperator with God in the work of creation. This view of things, I am led to take from the new standpoint which I occupy, as an Associationist, a social constructor. I am loosing [sic] therefore the special interest which I once felt in the fragmentary reforms of the age, and looking for the second coming of

Christ to Society, to establish his reign of brotherhood in the hearts of the human-family. Or in other words, I believe that Association, a divine social order, is the second coming of Christ; his coming to to [sic] the race as he came to him of Nazareth. For the real Christ, the saving power of the universe is the truth and love of the Nazarene, which is to incarnate itself in the universal man, as the word was made flesh in the son of Mary. Negative, fragmentary reforms cannot accomplish this. It requires a universal remedy, such as the divine church of Association, or the Social Christ [redacted] can only effect. This is a work of building not destroying, of love and not conflict.

Graham House, Dec. 1, 1845.

p.6 One sad month has elapsed, and I will now / attempt to fill this lagging sheet. What I was intending to write, when I was taken down with varioloid I can't remember. Doubtless if you are a Yankee you can guess. I was beginning to be sick when I stopped writing; -- the next day I was carried to the cottage unable to walk, so violent was the attack of [redacted] disease upon me. About thirty other persons followed within a fortnight, and our Association seemed to be turned into a [redacted] hospital for the sick. After remaining there about three weeks, a portion of the time as nurse or waiter upon the sick, I was permitted to leave my prison. Since then I have been absent [redacted] on a Lecturing tour. My boy was very sick, is horribly pitted, and has by no means recovered his strength [sic]. It has been a sad experience for me, and a sadder one for the Association. It

broke up our school, deranged our industry, and frighted away for the time being, the timid members. In a pecuniary point of view it could not be less than two or three thousand dollars, that this sickness has injured us. Mrs. Palise [sic] and Jane Ryckman and several others were very dangerously sick.

I have lately been reading the writings of Emanuel
p.7 Swedenborg -- and have had / my faith very much unsettled, or perhaps I ought to say confirmed and enlarged in the spiritual views, which I express [sic] briefly in my first letter to you. If you have not read his work upon Conjugal [sic] Love, and spirital [sic] and eternal marriage, I desire that you may do so, and give me your impressions upon it. It seems to me to open a world of truth. It is a fearful revelation for those who are incontinent, even to departed spirits. It is a wonderful book. By the way, I am fully convinced that Associationists, must adopt the sentiments of the disciples of Swedenborg. They are making rapid converts among us, and destined at no distant day to be guides of a multitude of aspiring hearts.

Your letter from Pasaic [sic] Falls interested me much. Scenery of that wild almost fearful character, where the elements seem to sport in uncouth gambols, to the music of their own mad voices, fills me with the deepest emotions of awe and sublimity. Have you ever heard Thalberg's Tremolo, a piece of marvellous music, that will move every nerve in the texture of the soul, to an extatic quiver, and fill the heart with the intensest emotions of grandeur, as when for the first time you were on the

p.8 summit of a vast mountain, or lis- / or listening to a grand peal of thunder, or [redacted] was at the foot of [redacted] a mighty cataract. I could seem to hear it when I thought of you at Pasaic. How I would have rejoiced to have been there, and shared the feelings of that hour. But I shall yet see it, and Niagara, and our infinite mountains.

Several young men of us in this neighborhood are projecting a plan of travel. We design to make a tour of our own country, and of Europe. Mr. Leach, Addison Davis and several others are of the Company. Mrs. Leach has agreed to care for my boy [redacted] in my absence. We expect to get ready for a start by another season. Charles Lane of England is giving us information relative to the cheapest way of making a visit to all the wonders of Great [redacted] Brittain [sic], men and things. He will aid us much.

I have no answer for your [redacted] last. I never make excuses, nor write letters when I have nothing to say, even if I have the time, which I do not always have at command. Occasionally, in the interim of Lecturing tours, I shall be at Brook Farm, for the winter, where such of my friends as can bear with my whims & modes of correspondence will continue to address me.

Yours with regard,

John Allen

Brook Farm, Dec. 8. 1845.

Miss Eastman, I expected till now to be in Boston to-day, but it will not be possible. So I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you — as I depart in another direction — and I have only ~~time~~ to say now before the bearer leaves, that I directed (per penny post) a very long letter to you at No 484, Washington St. instead of 4 S.S. You will probably find it at the P. O. or in the hands of Penny post. as I presume he did not find you. I regret this interruption of a correspondence that commenced so pleasantly and that afforded me so much ~~food~~ enjoyment for the dreary hour. But the Fates are combined against its continuance. I pray. Excuse this ~~form~~ as I have no other paper at hand. Thine truly

John Allen

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DEC 2

Miss M. Eastman
~~480. Washington~~
Lowell ~~Boston~~
Mass.

Opening

5 December 1845, Brook Farm, JOHN ALLEN to MEHITABLE EASTMAN

Brook Farm, Dec. 5, 1845

Miss Eastman,

I expected till now to be in Boston to day, but it will not be possible. So I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you -- as I depart in another direction, and I have only time to say now before the bearer leaves, that I directed (per penny post) a very long letter to you at No 484, Wash'ton St. instead of 488. You will probably find it at the P.O. or in the hands of penny post, as I presume he did not find you.

I regret this interruption of a correspondence that commenced so pleasantly, and that afforded me so much [redacted] entertainment for the weary hour. But the fates are combined against its continuance, I fear. Excuse this as I have no other paper at hand.[1] Thine truly

John Allen

MS. sold by Symmachus Trading Co. Addressed to "Miss M. Eastman, 488. Washington, Boston," and forwarded to Lowell, Mass. Postmarked Boston Dec. 15.

1. Allen has used the outside sheet of a letter addressed to himself, blank except for the address "John Allen Esqr, Brook Farm, West Roxbury, Mass" which runs vertically on the page on which [redacted] the new message appears, Allen having written across [redacted] the earlier writing.

South Danvers. Sunday, Dec. 28. 1845.

Friends; Allow me to take Old Time by the forelock, and wish you all a happy New Year, lest perchance we shall not be at home in season. On Tuesday and Wednesday and perhaps also on Thursday, John & John are engaged at Rockport. We have been there once, but that horrible, that glorious, that terrific, that entrancing Storm of Christmas, defeated our speaking, and spoke itself. Such language as it is our privilege to hear but a few times in a life. We walked six Miles, from Gloucester, to the extreme point of Cape Ann, to witness it, the wind and sleet in our faces, the while. The wind "blew a gale", and old ocean was lashed into frothy, foaming, frenzied fury, and Mountain billows dashed after each other, like troops of innumerable white horses, with their manes streaming in the wind, or piling themselves up, higher, higher, higher, burst in thundering cataracts, as the rushing waters were precipitated down their perpendicular sides. John was frantic with very ecstacy. He screamed, halloo'd, in ungoverned, ungovernable excitement, He laughed, run, capered, threw his arms in the free air, and threatened to jump upon the racing steeds of the deep, and anon he was silent, reverent, awe-stricken, resting like a loving child upon the great Soul of the Universe. O it was grand, it was sublime, the experience, the emotion, the passion of that hour. The entire after-noon till dark of Thursday, and most of the next day we held converse with storm-spirit, as he spoke in his awfaul, majestic creations. Mr Leonard was with us a part of the time.

It is half past 9 o'clock P.M. John & I have just returned

from Lecture. We had a full house and interested them much. Tomorrow we shall try hard for Subs. to our paper. This business of soliciting Money is ill adapted to my "Vandal" sensitiveness. It is sacred-legionary work, to John as well as Myself. (The figure which Mr Allen uses about the white horse is borrowed) Orris.

Monday Morning. We have been all over Danvers this Morning, and obtained the following Subscribers. Commence. Vol II. No 1.

Alfred Taylor,	Danvers.	Paid	$1,00
David Weine	Danvers	"	1,00
Isaac Munroe	"	"	1,00
Stephen Fernald	"	"	1,00
S. A. Messer	"	"	1,00
Joseph W. Tufts	"	"	2,00
John W. Berry	"	"	1,00
			8,00

Gloucester	Mass.	Commence Vol II.	
Addison Gilbert	Pa		$1,00
Mary Love Tarr	Pa		$2,00
			3 00

Mary L. Tarr was a subscriber to the Social Reformer, and by moving out of the Town of Rockport never rec'd the paper. It was probably sent, and not taken from the office at first. and you notified by P. M. to discontinue — As she has been so hospitable to us, entertaining us

in the best tavern in town for two days, hired a hall at her own expense for us to lecture in, (4,00) is a magnanimous & pledged friend of Association, will be with us in one or two years with "lots of Capital, and an amount of enthusiasm and practical commercial talent second to none in the Country, We ask that you will send her the back numbers of the Harbinger, containing the entire Story of "Consuelo," and let her subscription commence Vol II. No 1.

Rev. Henry Leonard Rockport Mass will renew his subscription to the Harbinger formerly a "Sub." to the Phoenix. and wants back numbers commencing with Vol I. No 20
I will be responsible for Leonards subscription.

We are engaged to Lecture in Danvers next Saturday evening and shall not be at home till the Monday or Tuesday following. We see much that is encouraging in this section of the Country, though the storms have defeated us several times in our attempts to lecture. We shall have some things to speak of when we get home, which cannot be written.

Please send us a half dozen of No 3, 4's Harbinger. direct Rockport.

From our experience in getting subscribers, we are convinced that the character of the Harbinger would meet the wants of the people at large much better were it not so exclusively literary, and more was said of the details of the true relation between Capital & Labor, of the ~~modes~~ means of rendering labor attractive, in short, of modes, as well as principles.

John Allen – Dec. 28. 1845.

(1.)

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John S. Wright

Brook Farm Phalanx

West Roxbury Mass.

John will not you or some other of the friends write us at Rockport, before Thursday eve next? Fanny & Clark leave Wednesday at "Rondelo" for me at 9½ o'clock. Thursday evening. Yours lovingly, hopefully, and faithfully, J. Allen

We unite in wishing you all a happy new year, and regret that we can not be there to enjoy the festival with you, that we there may renew our enthusiasm, and together with you re-pledge ourselves in a more sacred consecration, to the divine work.

Letter from John Allen to John S.Dwight

South Danvers, Sunday,Dec.28, 1845.

Friends: Allow me to take Old Time by the forelock and wish you all a happy New Year, lest perchance we shall not be at home in season. On Tuesday and Wednesday and perhaps also on Thursday, John & John are engaged at Rockport. We have been there once, but that horrible, that glorious,that terrific,that entrancing storm of Christmas,defeated our speaking, and spoke itself, such language as it is our privilege to hear but a few times in a life. We walked six miles from Gloucester, to the extreme point of Cape Ann, to witness it, the wind and sleet in our faces, the while. The wind "blew a gale", and old ocean was lashed into frothy, foaming,frensied fury, mad mountain billows dashed after each other like troops of innumerable white horses, with their manes streaming in the wind,or piling themselves up,higher, higher,higher, burst in thundering cataracts, as the rushing waters were precipitated down their perpendicular sides. John was frantic with very exstacy. He screamed, halloe'd, in ungoverned,ungovernable excitement. He laughed,run,capered,threw his arms in the free air, and threatened to jump upon the racing steeds of the deep, and anon he was silent, reverent,awe-stricken,resting like a loving child upon the great Soul of the Universe. O it was grand,it was sublime,the experience,the emotion,the passion of that hour-- The entire after-noon till dark of Thursday, and most of the next day we held converse with storm-spirit, as he spoke in his awful,majestic creations. Mr.Leonard was with us a part of the time.

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Joseph W.Tuffts	"	"	2.00
John W. Berry	"	"	1.00
			8.00

Gloucester Mass. Commence Vol II.

Addison Gilbert	Pd	$1.00
Mary Lowe Tarr	Pd	2.00
		3.00

Mary L.Tarr was a subscriber to the Social Reformer,and by moving out of the town of Rockport never rec'd the paper. It was probably sent, and not taken from the office at first--and you notified by P.M.to discontinue. As she has been so hospitable to us,entertaining us in the best tavern in town for two days,hired a hall at her own expense for us to lecture in,(4.00)is a magnanimous & pledged friend of Association,

Letter from John Allen to John S. Dwight

South Danvers, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1845

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John will not you or some other of the friends write us at Rockport, before Thursday eve next? Ask Fanny to play the "Tremolo" for me at 9½ oclock Wednesday eve.

Yours lovefully, heartfully, hopefully, and faithfully,

J. Allen.

Inscribed to John S. Dwight
Brook-Farm Phalanx
West Roxbury
Mass.

Sapton's River (Near Bellows Falls) Sunday Feb. 13. (I believe)

Maryanne. Snow. Snow. Snow, filling the air and whirling in graceful eddies like waltzing Spirits of the mountain, - the roads blocked by deep drifts, till to stir abroad is a demonstration of Quixotism. out of the question, even for me. I resign myself to my destiny, and partly to kill time, but mostly because I think sadly of home far away, and of the dear friends in whose hearts I would nestle like a child - forgetting the world's woes in the exuberance of my own joy & bespeak the favor of thy audience - with thine eyes. You know I promised the ridiculous.

In Brattleboro' we met the dear Channing. He had prepared for our hospitable reception and entertainment & made all necessary arrangements for the meeting - and to give it and us, character had advertised himself & Mr Mark as speakers which was very judicious as well as self sacrificing - inasmuch as Brattleboro' was the home of his Mother and Sisters, and the prejudice existing there against the "Fourierites" was as deep and deadly as ignorance & sin. The first evening, though a terrific snow storm, the meeting was quite large, but our speeches were drear, dull dolorous, dead. Channing agreed with us, that it was a failure. Nevertheless enough was said to convince the audience, that notwithstanding our exceeding weakness, our intentions were not malicious. And we found upon going round the town the next day, that some interest had been excited. The next night had a great meeting. Mr Ryckman spoke well of the necessity of a divine social order to realize our true destiny on earth. John O. made a great speech and Mr Channing was inspired. He spoke of the growth of the religious sentiment in Brook Farm - and of Association as the fulfillment of the Christian idea. It was overwhelming.

There was so much interested and inquiry induced, that the last eve. after the meeting a "club" was organized and measures taken to circulate information &c.

On Friday for want of money we put our trunks on board the stage for Putney and walked to our appointment, ten miles over a drifting and drifted road. We lectured in the Chapel of the Perfectionists to a good audience. Sold no books, got no subscribers to Herbinger. but discovered that the stage-driver had not delivered John's trunk. In Putney we met Mr. Eaton who has gone with John in pursuit of lost baggage. I come on to this place to fulfill our appointment. found no friend to receive me, no notice of the meeting. no place obtained to hold it, and no one that was interested in hearing upon the subject. I obtained the Academy Hall, went round over the village stuck up notices. and talked and barked till I was faint and weary. made my own fire, rung the bell, and collected together about fifty men and boys, and not a single woman. With this beginning I of course expect great results. especially as it is a terrible snow storm, and no one can be expected to meeting this eve. I however sold two of Brisbane's pamphlet enough to pay for my supper last night (dinner I had none) and for the half dozen candles with which I lighted the hall, and besides I got an invitation to spend the Sunday with a very fine family. whose names I have not yet learned. They have an educated son, quite a geologist, poet, lawyer &c & a daughter who paints flowers and fruits very beautifully. I am on the whole well provided with all needful material comforts. and though rather lonely, quite happy and trustful. Doubtless Association will prosper, and the world be saved, though perhaps not per consequence of my mission to Vermont. Success & John I expect to find tomorrow at Rockingham. if the roads are passable. of which there is little prospect!

The scenery even now in mid winter is very beautiful wherever we go. Sublime old Mountains, cleared around the base and clothed in their glistening drapery of snow, the sum

mits crowned with forests, the dark pine, like beautiful hair in contrast with a sunny Circassian face. and over all a deep, deep blue sky with here and there a silver cloud tinted with gold and orange;- and by moonlight it is more enchanting still. To the east of the village of Brattleboro, there is a precipitous mountain, rising almost to an angle of forty-five degrees. So near you, that as a cloud passes over it, it seems to move - and for an instant you are bedizzened with the impression that it is falling towards you in a resistless avalanche. Seen at night, it seems like a huge black thunder cloud rising over the village. For the wildness and grandeur of its natural scenery Brattleboro surpasses Northampton. It commands as fine a view of the valley of the Connecticut, even. In my walks with John & William H., there, by sunlight and moonlight, I cannot tell you how deeply I drank at the fountain of beauty. John too was lost or rapt in transport till he was no longer a being of earth. Channing was more tame - he had seen it often. though he was an enthusiast for the hundredth time, looking upon it. And such communion, such strength as we obtained, by the three days spent in B. in the society of Channing, it was worth a pilgrimage half round the globe. He will be with you soon, next Sunday at the latest, and I envy you the joy of his presence. Association is worth all it costs us of labor and sacrifice even if it does not succeed in our generation. It gives back to us more than we can give to it. The privilege of intercourse with such minds as have enlisted in its advocacy. the deep love-life inspired by its principles. the enjoyment of its sublime hopes, though deferred for ages, and our experience in the little, helpless attempt to be, at Brook Farm - if we achieve nothing higher in this generation - I account it an especial favor of God, that I have been called to this work - and so must we all.

I was at home so short a time, [redacted], that my visit was almost as much of an aggravation as a pleasure, it was so insufficient. I was hungry for the friendship & sympathy [redacted] and repose of a week, at least, in our happy home. I enjoyed I cannot tell you how much our visit to the greenhouse and the party at Mr Hopie's room. If you have any more of the kind please inform me immediately. I feel bitterly the loss

musick. which my absence subjects me to. Tell Mr. Kleinstraph that I think of him and of his sweet temple very, very often. I will be a Spade for him next summer, a part of the time at least. Tell my boy, that "Father wants to see Freddy" and kiss him for me, (~~if his face is clean~~) Harriet Jackson I thought looked sad when I was at home. Assure her of my interest in her happiness and be as kind to her, as I would, when she is depressed. Friendship to all.

John & Eaton have found the trunk and just arrived in town - in great spirits. We start to-morrow for Springfield - if the roads are passable.

Mary C. B. to give up the idea of making Persis a sacrifice for the action of Everett in her behalf and if she marries at all, to give herself to the Lord.

Write me when you feel moved at Rochester Vt. When we meet with any measure of success, we will write again. perhaps a letter for the Harbinger. Inform me of every thing that has transpired at B.F.

Charles Lane
Feb 16

Marianne Dwight
Brook-Farm Phalanx
West Roxbury Mass.

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Letter from John Allen to Maryanne Dwight

Saxton's River (near Bellows Falls) [1846]
Sunday Feb.13 (I believe)

Maryanne. Snow,snow,snow,filling the air and whirling in graceful eddies like waltsing spirits of the mountain,- the roads blocked by deep drifts, till to stir abroad is a demonstration of Quixotism, out of the question,even for me-- I resign myself to my destiny, and partly to kill time,but mostly because I think sadly of home far away, and of the dear friends in whose hearts I would nestle like a child forgetting the world's woes in the exuberance of my own joy I bespeak the favor of thy audience with thine eyes (you know I promised the ridiculous)

In Brattleboro we met the dear Channing. He had prepared for our hospitable reception and entertainment & made all necessary arrangements for the meeting--and to give it and us character had advertised himself & Mr Mack as speakers which was very judicious as well as self sacrificing--inasmuch as Brattleboro was the home of his mother and sisters,and the prejudice existing there against the "Fourerites", was as deep and deadly as ignorance & sin. The first evening, though a terrific snow storm,the meeting was quite large, but our speeches were drear,dull dolorous dead. Channing agreed with us, that it was a failure. Nevertheless enough was said to convince the audience,that notwithstanding our exceeding weakness our intentions were not malicious. And we found upon going round the town the next day,that some interest had been excited--The next night had a great meeting. Mr Nock spoke well of the necessity of a divine social order to realise our true destiny on earth, John O. made a great speech and Mr Channing was inspired. He spoke of the growth of the religious sentiment in Brook Farm and of Association as the fulfillment of the Christian idea. It was overwhelming. There was so much interest and inquiry induced,that the last eve. after the meeting a "club" was organised and measures taken to circulate information &c &c

On Friday for want of money we put our trunks on board the stage for Putney and walked to our appointment,ten miles over a drifted and drifting road. We lectured in the Chapel of the Perfectionists to a good audience. Sold no books,got no subscribers to Harbinger but discovered that the stage-driver had not delivered John's trunk. In Putney we met Mr.Eaton who has gone with John in pursuit of lost baggage. I came on to this place to fulfill our appointment--found no friend to receive me,no notice of the meeting--no place obtained to hold it,and no one that was interested in hearing upon the subject. I obtained the Academy Hall,went round over the village stuck up notices- and talked and barked till I was faint and weary--made my own fire,rung the bell,and collected together about fifty men and boys, and not a single woman. With this beginning I of course expect great results--especially as it is a tedious snow storm,and no one can be expected to meeting this eve-- I however sold two of Brisbane's pamphlets,enough to pay for my supper last night (dinner I had none)and for the half dossen candles with which I lighted the hall,and besides I got an invitation to spend this Sunday with a very fine family-whose names I have not yet learned. They have an educated son,quite a geologist,poet,lawyer &c & a daughter who paints flowers and fruits very beautifully. I am on the whole well provided with all needful material comforts,and though rather lonely,quite happy and trustful. Doubtless Association will prosper,and the world be saved,though perhaps not per consequence of my mission to Vermont. Lucius & John I expect to find tomorrow at Rockingham if the roads are passable,of which there is little prospect.

Letter from John Allen to Maryanne Dwight

Saxton's River Feb.13 [~~n.y.~~ 1846]

The scenery even now in mid winter is very beautiful wherever we go. Sublime old mountains,cleared around the base and clothed in their glistening drapery of snow,the summits crowned with forests of dark pine,like beautiful hair in contrast with a sunny Circassian face, and over all a deep,deep blue sky with here and there a silver cloud tinted with gold and orange;- and by moonlight it is more enchanting still. To the east of the village of Brattleboro there is a precipitous mountain,rising almost to an angle of forty five degrees so near you that as a cloud passes over it, it seems to move and for an instant you are bedissened with the impression that it is falling towards you in a resistless avalanche. Seen at night it seems like a huge black thunder cloud rising over the village. For the wildness and grandeur of its natural scenery Brattleboro surpasses Northampton. It commands as fine a view of the valley of the Connecticut even. In my walks with John & William H. there,by sunlight and moonlight,I cannot tell you how deeply I drank at the fountain of beauty. John too was lost or rapt in transport till he was no longer a being of earth. Channing was more tame--he had seen it often, though he was an enthusiast for the hundredth time looking upon it. O and such communion and strength as we obtained, by the days spent in B.in the society of Channing, it was worth a pilgrimage half round the globe. He will be with you soon, next Sunday at the latest,and I envy you the joy of his presence. Association is worth all it costs us of labor and sacrifice even if it does not succeed in our generation. It gives back to us more than we can give to it. The privilege of intercourse with such minds as have enlisted in its advocacy,the deep love-life inspired by its principles,the enjoyment of its sublime hopes,though deferred for ages,and our experience in the little,helpless attempt to be,at Brook Farm--if we achieve nothing higher in this generation I account it an especial favor of God, that I have been called to this work, and so must we all.

I was home so short a time that my visit was almost as much of an aggravation as a pleasure; it was so insufficient. I was hungry for the friendship & sympathy and repose of a week,at least,in our happy home. I enjoyed I cannot tell you how much our visit to the greenhouse,and the party at Mr Hoxie's room. If you have any more of the kind please inform me immediately. I feel bitterly the loss musick which my absence subjects me to. Tell Mr.Klienstrup that I think of him and of his sweet temple very,very often--I will be a spade for him next summer,a part of the time at least.Tell my boy,that "Father wants to see Freddy",and kiss him for me (~~if his face is clean~~) Harriet Jackson I thought looked sad when I was at home. Assure her of my interest in her happiness,and be as kind to her as I would,when she is depressed. Friendship to all

John & Eaton have found the trunk and just arrived in town in great spirits. We start tomorrow for Springfield,if the roads are passable.

Monday morning. The roads are blocked up "too bad" for a public conveyance,and we start for Springfield on foot (12 miles)Thine ever more

John Allen

Who has visited you? Can you induce Mary B.to give up the idea of making herself a sacrifice upon the altar of civilized marriage and if she marries at all,to give herself in holy alliance to the association cause? Write me when you feel moved at Rochester Vt. When we meet with any measure of success we will write again perhaps a letter for the Harbinger. Inform me of everything that has transpired at B.F.

Addressed to Maryanne Dwight
Brook-Farm Phalanx
West Roxbury
Mass.

resigned yourselves to the will of Providence or destiny, or philosophic necessity.

Fort Bennington, March 9. (9½ o'clk P.M) 1846.

My very dear, dear friends:- doubly dear in our afflictions, one in the bonds of eternal friendship and devotion, and never, never to be separated on earth nor in heaven. I know it cannot be. Fire may burn our dwellings, floods destroy our provisions, foes without, and within if possible, may war upon us, but the gates of hell, the maddened elements, the concentrated selfishness and ferocity of civilization cannot prevail against us. Under God we will triumph yet. To day at noon I recieved your letter, Marianne. When I open it and my eye fell upon the announcement of our loss;- that the home of so many of our cherished friends, who were of us, and waiting to be with us in labor and life, as they were in spirit, was destroyed in an hour, my heart sunk within me- and my hands dropped down in despair. A friend who was with me, said I became as pale as a corpse, and looked as though every friend on earth had been taken from me. But I read the letter, the words of Marianne were so full of heroism and determined courage, of Christian trust and enduring hope, that I exclaimed, "We cannot be separated." "We are not crushed," "We shall yet succeed." Separated! What could we do in civilization- in isolation now? I am entirely unfitted to live in the Egypt we have left behind us. And unless we can be one, and live for each other, in the enjoyment of the friendship that we had begun to realize, that we have achieved, life is

Write me- at Alton, and take me all, and have an interest in your prayers. I wish to know what your intentions are, if you have not done so yesterday, and

a failure. I am a used up man. I am good for nothing out of Association. I must live for that idea, and in the Spirit thereof, and with the high and holy aims that have made us one, in this sublime work. or I cannot live. Though my body were breathing and walking above ground. We have tasted of the fruit from the tree of Unity, of the milk & honey which the spies have brought from the promised land, and flames or floods shall not prevent our entering there. We shall succeed! If not on that shore, on another that God shall lead us to. And I feel like saying, do for us and with us, O Father, what seemeth good in thy sight. If it is not ours to realize the sublime hopes we have cherished, allow us to tread the wilderness of transition towards our promised destiny; and like the "forlorn hope", if need be, allow us to bridge over with our bodies, the ravine between civilized falsehood and universal truth, that the army of progress may pass on to victory & dominion.

I attempted to lecture to night, but my thoughts were with you, and a sad effort it was. I could think only of our trials, of our poverty, of our weakness, of the calamity of the small pox, which but for a miracle of friendship and devotion must have crushed us, and of this last trial by fire. And O Marianne, that your prayer may be answered, and "we come out from it like pure gold." If it is the will of God. I would kiss the rod that chastens us, and pray that through this last affliction, we may be

made humble, and trusting, and truthful and loving enough to succeed. Trust, Trust & see the salvation of God.

I am pleasantly situated in the family of friend Dutton who has visited you, and is a very firm friend of the Association Cause. There seems to be more interest pervading this place than any other town I have visited in Vermont. I have lectured three times to large audiences and shall speak here several times more. I shall start for Athens on Friday, but the roads are impassable, nearly, over the Mountain and it is very questionable, whether I shall be able to get there in season to meet John Orvis, there, as per agreement.

In Ludlow Vt. Samuel W. Dame subscribed for the Harbinger. He had just been burnt out - you know what that means. and I agreed to take pay - in shovel handles, hoe and fork handles, rakes &c - which he will send to order, a hundred per cent cheaper than we can buy them in Boston - Orders answered at 26. Dock Sqr. He said we might send to him for any quantity of tools - or tool-handles, and he would accommodate us on our own terms - Will you consult Mr Salisbury, Mr Heever & John Orvis and find out what are required for furnishing the farm, in the way of mending old tools or obtaining new ones, and send on the order - He wished to send a half-dozen very nice assorted rakes, at one shilling a piece, and the rest in some other tools, as specimens of what he can do. He says if he can sell out he will help us to a thousand dollars, and give us the benefit of his bonds beside. He has a very fine wife and daughter - who would be desirable members if we had any place to put them - alas! alas!

My sympathy, the assurance of my unshaken faith and determination to succeed. My hope is deferred not shaken or staggered. Yours affectionately John.

Josiah French, East Clarendon Sub. to Horbiger, paid 2.00 dolls.
I have obtained two subscribers at this place, but will not send their names till I write again, as till often they have paid for some Tr. Journal & Harbinger, & we can't.

Tell John Chever I rec'd his letter for which I am thankful & will make a suitable return. God bless you all and keep you faithful and hopeful in the trial hour.

Should not be unmindful of the Sabbath and Sun on so far as that Mr. Hathaway & Mr. Edwards and Mr. Fowler & the Sabbath and Conscientious Christians, take us into account?

Tell Mr. Fowler & Mr. Hathaway we should be glad to see them here if they can spare the time.

Fri. 5

Mr. Benjamin Fowler
Hillsboro
Ohio

Marianne Burgess, on the Church of the Future
at Brook Farm
West Roxbury
Mass

M-2
220
7

Dear Friends, Should we be able to remove, now, we should be not in the way of our duty in occupying it. We should sacrificed our all & know by a removal, but all that we have and all that we are belong to the Cause in which we are engaged, and would the Cause suffer by a union with some other attempt?

Last night (Fri. morning, Mar. 10) I lay with my eyes open all nearly, divining what we should do. At B.F. Will not our friends in New York urge upon us again the necessity of moving in a body to some other field of labor? Is it the will of God that the essay of practical Association shall be wrought out on that spot? Should we not be able to unite more means, more elements of success ~~Some~~ by uniting with some other movement than by endeavoring to rebuild at Brook Farm. If a proposition should

Letter from John [Allen] to Marianne Dwight

North Bennington March 9 (9½ o'clock P.M.)1846

My very dear,dear friends,- doubly dear in our afflictions,one in the bonds of eternal friendship and devotion,and never,never to be separated on earth nor in heaven. I know it cannot be. Fire may burn our dwellings,floods destroy our provisions,foes without,and within if possible, may war upon us but the gates of hell,the maddened elements, the concentrated selfishness and ferocity of civilisation cannot prevail against us. Under God we will triumph yet. Today at noon I received your letter,Marianne. When I open it and my eye fell upon the announcement of our loss,-that the home of so many of our cherished friends,who were of us,and waiting to be with in labor and life,as they were in spirit,was destroyed in an hour,my heart sunk within me and my hands dropped down in despair. A friend who was with me said I became as pale as a corpse,and looked as though every friend on earth had been taken from me. But I read the letter,the words of Marianne were so full of heroism and determined courage,of Christian trust and enduring hope,that I exclaimed,"We cannot be separated." "We are not crushed". "We shall yet succeed." Separated! What could we do in civilisation--in isolation now? I am entirely unfitted to live in the Egypt we have left behind us. And unless we can be one, and live for each other, in this enjoyment of the friendship that we had begun to realise, that we have achieved, life is a failure. I am a used up man. I am good for nothing out of Association--I must live for that idea, and in the spirit thereof, and with the high and holy aims that have made us one in this sublime work or I cannot live, though my body were breathing and walking above ground. We have tasted of the fruit from the tree of unity,of the milk and honey which the spies have brought from the promised land,and flames or floods shall not prevent our entering there. We shall succeed! If not in that spot, in another that God shall lead us to. And I feel like saying, do for us and with us,O Father,what seemeth good in thy sight. If it is not ours to realise the sublime hopes we have cherished, allow us to tread the wilderness of transition towards our promised destiny; and like the "forlorn hope" if need be,allow us to bridge over with our bodies the ravine between civilised falseness and universal truth, that the army of progress may pass on to victory & dominion.

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North Bennington March 9 1846

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Would it not be well for Mr Ripley and some one or two others to visit the North American the Clermont and the friends in New York and Cincinnati immediately,while we toiled on at B.F.another year, ready to remove if we were called?

Tell John Chever I recd his letter for which I am thankful & will make a suitable return. God bless you all and keep you faithful and hopeful in the trial-hour.

Last night (for its now morning,after 10) I lay with my eyes open all night nearly,divining what we should do at B.F. Will not our friends in New York urge upon us again the necessity of moving in a body to some other field of labor? Is it the will of God that this essay of practical Association shall be wrought out on that spot? Should we not be able to unite more means,more elements of success,by uniting with some other movement than by endeavoring to rebuild at Brook Farm. If a proposition should be made to us to remove now,should we be false to these friends who have aided us,and should we not be in the way of our duty in accepting it? We should sacrifice our all I know by a removal, but all that we have and all that we are belong to the cause in which we are engaged,and would the cause suffer by a union with some other attempt?

My sympathy,the assurance of my unshaken faith and determined cooperation please give to all. My hope is defered not shaken or destroyed.

Yours affectionately,

John

Addressed to Marianne Dwight and the Church of the Future
at Brook Farm
West Roxbury
Mass.

Buffalo Sept 17, 1847.

My dear Anna,

I am very glad to receive a letter from you. Our tour has been so discouraging, I have met so little sympathy, that even a letter of enquiry from one I knew is a balm & a source of strength to me.

John Orvis left me at Rochester, to visit several collateral towns on the route to Albany, where the friends had written for us to come. I have sent your letter on to him, he may possibly be able to visit Lenox. My time is all taken up by appointments for every day till I leave for B.F. where I intend to be at the festive and fast, the last reunion of our happy little family. I trust you will be present. It will be better even for your health than the physical starvation of a stupid civilized country life. I regret very much that I can not come to L. and lecture and go on with you.

In Albany our meetings were quite successful. In Utica we succeeded in creating a deeper impression and more interest than in any other town in this State. We knew no one there, spent three days in running over the town talking to every one who professed to be a reformer in any sphere, and at last got the privilege of occupying a small hall. I went to a printing office, set up a bill, John Orvis worked the press, and we went through the

tion. I am quite drawn to Western New York. The reformers there are a noble set of men. I shall be sorry if I do not see you. Faithfully your brother. J. S. Allen.

streets and pasted them. The first evening but eighteen persons attended. The second about fifty. The third about two hundred. We then obtained a large hall, and preached or lectured Sunday day and we to quite a large meeting. Mr Davis & I spoke remarkably well. I was somewhat happy in my statements. The next night we organized a Union. Probably the only one to be organized on this Tour. Syracuse was in the neighborhood of Skaneateles, when Collins made his communitying failure, and the odor of it was so strong in the nostrils of the people, that we could not get a hearing. We however found some of the most wealthy people of place deeply interested, and among them Rev. Saml. J. May. They want we should come there "after canal closes when Religion opens", and lecture a fortnight. They promise to give us good notices and large meetings at that time, and to organize one of the best Unions in the County. I think they will do it. There are some good women engaged in the Cause in Syracuse, the only women we have seen in the State of New York.

In Rochester we could not get a place to Lecture. This is the place where so great excitement was created a few years since, which resulted in the organization of four or five Mush room Associations, that rotted the next day after their birth. They were composed of the poorest people, whose only motive was to find a potent way of securing porridge and pantaloons, and who were very much enraged because the simple voting themselves an Associ-

did not effect that object. These Associations failed as it was said. The few friends have been taunted with this fact, ridiculed as undone Fourierites, and and persecuted for being so, till they are like Peter before the enemies of Jesus. They Curse and Swear that they never knew the Social Science, and are absolutely afraid to do any thing openly for the Cause lest they should be hissed or scoffed at or thrown out of employment.

A young man, a Clerk in R. recommended another young man for a similar position in another House, and he was rejected ostensibly on the ground of coming with a recommendation from a Sound Fourierite. I mention this to show what hostility there is to a Social Reform in this place. It is melancholly to witness the blight upon our Cause through these miserable failures, and the perfect despair that seems settled down upon the remaining friends of the Cause. How wiser than serpents, more harmless than doves, in the private lives in the public management, ought the Associationists to be. We spoke to a large audience in R. upon Land Reform, though there was considerable opposition to our doing so, lest we should curse the subject with our influence as Associationists. However our remarks elicited great applause, and I am making arrangements to go back there and speak upon Association. This field must not be deserted. When by any amount of effort, the false impressions can be removed, and the sapping hopes of the true friends of progress revived. I am to lecture in R. on the 25. upon "Failures", failures of the Church of politicians, of commerce, of the school, and also the failures of Association. If I can get a hearing, I will show them that Association can have no failures as disastrous as Civilization itself. I have been promised the privilege of presenting the religious aspects of the cause from the universalist pulpit.

In Batavia I lectured but once to a small audience. And twice in the adjoining towns. In Buffalo our meetings are getting to be pretty well attended. Though it has been hard to get the ear of the people. We should not have done so had not Mr Brisbane, who used to live here and is very popular, come to the rescue, and on the third eve

announced his name as a speaker. But I doubt whether a Union can be organized here at this time. To night I lecture here for the last time when I shall make another trial. As hard and discouraging as our tour has been in this State, I think we could make an impression here and really do as much for the cause as in the eastern cities. There is more wealth among the Anglo-Saxons. They only want

Yours
O. S. Fowler

Miss Anna Q T Parsons from John Allen
Lenox, Mass

Buffalo Sept 17, 1847

My dear Anna,

I was very glad to receive a letter from you. Our tour has been so discouraging, I have met so little sympathy, that even a letter of inquiry from one I knew to be alive is a source of strength to me.

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I have been a day at Niagera.

Faithfully your brother
John Allen